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**Dictatorship in  
Theory and Practice**

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CONWAY MEMORIAL LECTURE

DICTATORSHIP IN  
THEORY & PRACTICE

DELIVERED AT CONWAY HALL, RED LION SQUARE, W.C.1,  
ON MARCH 13, 1935

BY

G. P. GOOCH, D.LITT., F.B.A.

*(Mr. John A. Hobson in the Chair)*

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## FOREWORD

My old and highly valued friend, Dr. G. P. Gooch, is probably better qualified than any other living Englishman for the important task of shedding light upon the dark and disconcerting spectacle presented to us in so many countries under the title of Dictatorship. Most thoughtful men and women born and bred in the great Victorian age of peace and progress had reached a firm belief in Democracy as a political goal to which all nations were advancing at different paces and with varying types of self-government. There were, doubtless, grave obstacles to any full attainment of liberty, equality, fraternity within the fabrics of political government in many backward countries, and in a few countries otherwise advanced, but these obstacles were destined to



go down before the rising tide of intellectual and moral enlightenment. Even those classes and interests which feared and disliked this levelling process came to acquiesce in its inevitability and set themselves to "educate their masters." Though the more rapid pressure of grave economic issues into the political field during the two or three decades preceding the Great War had raised new doubts and difficulties, nobody foresaw the possibility of such a *débâcle* of democratic principles and practices as the world presents to-day.

Is this a temporary set-back to the forces of progress attributable to the political, economic, and moral havoc of the War, or is there a definite and lasting return to the age-long tradition of autocracy and class-rule, with an enforced consent of the people? This is the issue to which Dr. Gooch addresses himself. His remarkable equipment as a student of modern history is not his only, perhaps not his principal, qualification for success. For learned historians are embarrassed sometimes by their wealth of learning, sometimes by their

emotional committals, when they engage upon the finer historical arts of exposition and interpretation. As our well-known Victorian poet observed, " Knowledge comes, but Wisdom lingers." Now the wisdom of a historian lies in the capacity to use his knowledge with freedom of thought and sympathetic apprehension. For facts and events are chiefly useful as indications of the wider activities which we term movements and tendencies, and for the interpretation of which sympathy and imagination are essential. Those who listen to this remarkable address by Dr. Gooch will realize that his learning is always kept in a firm grasp and is ordered and used as material for wise valuation and interpretation.

The question within what limits can history be rightly said to repeat itself, or how far can new men, with minds and feelings nourished on the past, change the course of history, is a question of vital significance for such a man as Dr. Gooch, deeply concerned, as he shows himself, for the revival of personal liberty and for the restoration of the State to its proper

place in the community, not as the master but as the servant of the people.

The careful distinctions he draws in the origins and forms of Dictatorship in different countries bring out the common vices by which they are affected, the lust of personal power, with terrorism and brute force as its instruments, the repression of organized criticism and opposition by a seizure of all the instruments of education and of propaganda in order to establish a standardized public mind, an atrophy of spiritual life. Dr. Gooch sets out this common character of Dictatorship with a force which loses nothing by the self-restraint he exercises in the utterance of his deadly verdict.

Though justice is done by him to the part played by economic forces in the initiation and support of Dictatorships, he rightly insists upon the independent contributions made by political, racial, and religious cleavages and passions to the structure of despotic rule. Is human liberty destined to succumb to these powers of evil? Our lecturer, in answering

this question, appeals to the wider range of history to restore our confidence in the permanent assertion through the agency of man's reasonable will working in the cause of free personality.

J. A. HOBSON.



## DICTATORSHIP IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

“OVER most of the so-called civilized world to-day liberty of thought does not exist. Government is omnipotent and irresponsible; the Press is its mouthpiece, education its propaganda, history its apologist, the arts its echo. As for democracy, the only form of Government that has been able to tolerate liberty in the past, after fighting and winning a war for its ideals in 1914, it is to-day fighting for its existence.” Thus Mr. Joad in his recent book *Liberty To-day*; and who will challenge the accuracy of his report? The recrudescence of Dictatorships in Europe, however little we may like them, deserves our anxious consideration. That they are the children of the War, that they would have been inconceivable without that earth-shaking convulsion, is clear to us all. But is that the whole story? Are they merely an incident in the long and arduous process of recovery, a political embodiment of a transient pathological phase? Or have we, as some







people believe, passed out of one era into another, exchanging the spacious liberal ideas of the nineteenth century in which we were reared for the older tradition of autocracy? If it is premature to forecast the verdict of history on this momentous issue, we can at any rate analyse some of the factors on which it will ultimately be based.

## I

The familiar term Dictator comes to us from classical Rome, but the type of ruler which it denotes was invented by the Greeks. The feverish life of the City States of classical Greece threw up the Tyrannos as a recurring phenomenon. In many cases he was not so much a "tyrant" in the modern sense of the word as a real or presumed superman, who seized power in an emergency and was tolerated, or even welcomed, by his fellow citizens. He was the man of the moment, the saviour of society, the child of the crisis, usually disappearing as suddenly as he came when his work was done or his incapacity exposed. He was always regarded as something exceptional, provisional, irregular. Like a strong cordial or a subcutaneous injection administered to a

sick man, his function was to grapple with a major emergency, to restore tone to the system at a moment of confusion, to steady the nerves after a formidable shock. The greatest of his class was Julius Cæsar.

The precedents of Greece and Rome were repeated at intervals throughout the ages with little variation. Dynastic autocracy bears no relation to Dictatorship, the essence of which is personal pre-eminence, not legal title or princely birth. It is when the time is out of joint, when the legitimate ruler seems unequal to his task, when the affairs of the community are tangled into a knot, when the traditional foundations of the State are challenged or overthrown, when the people are hungry, or disillusioned, or panic-stricken, that there is a chance or a call for a vigorous outsider to "butt in." Dictators, like other rulers, differ as widely in character as in ability. Rienzi and Cromwell were noble types. The first Napoleon was an adventurer of genius, his nephew an adventurer without genius. The worst specimens appeared, and continue to appear, in the unhappy Republics of South and Central America, where the collapse of Spanish rule left a vacuum which has never been satisfactorily filled. Men of blood for the most part, some

of them were hardly sane. What little can be said for the class was said long ago in Carlyle's famous essay on Dr. Francia, the Dictator of Paraguay. The connecting link between these various types of personal rule is that they are all the children of emergency or the bitter fruits of endemic anarchy.

Our brief retrospect of the history of dictatorship explains why the soil of post-War Europe has proved so fertile in the production of this sort of ruler. The extremity of the world's sickness to-day arises from the combination and interaction of political passions, economic misery, and psychological strain. In the field of politics the dictated treaties added to the inevitable bitterness of defeat; forced cessions of territory smarted like the amputation of a limb; armies of occupation were an ever-present humiliation; military and financial controls entrenched in the capitals of vanquished states were a perpetual reminder of a foreign yoke; the attribution of the sole guilt for the outbreak of the War to the losing side outraged the feelings of peoples deeply convinced that they had fought for their existence against malevolent foes. The Continent was sundered into two camps: the victors, determined to keep what they had won; the van-

quished, longing to recover all or part of what they had lost. Proud nations with vivid memories of recent splendour were treated as of no account. In the desperate gamble of war the loser pays. But the Treaties which closed the greatest struggle in history were exceptionally ill adapted to inaugurate an era of tranquillity for a breathless and bleeding world. "I go to Vienna," declared Castlereagh in 1814, after the downfall of Napoleon, "not to bring back trophies of victory, but to restore Europe to the paths of peace." It would have been better for us all, victors and vanquished alike, had the Allied statesmen followed his example in 1919.

In the economic sphere the fresh start was made under equally unfavourable auspices. The conflict left a Continent in ruins, as if a tornado had swept across the land. The material destruction was incalculable; but in an age when science works daily miracles the wheels of production were soon revolving rapidly once more. Production, however, is only half the economic process, and in an interdependent world distribution is of no less account. In his masterly volume *Recovery*, Sir Arthur Salter has compared the universal dislocation of economic contacts to the severing

of arteries in the human body. The marvellous increase of wealth and diffused prosperity witnessed in the latter half of the nineteenth century was based, not on science and labour alone, but on the relatively unimpeded flow of capital, services, and goods. The channels were blocked by the War, and they have not yet been cleared. The mistake of imposing impossible reparation burdens on our impoverished foes complicated a situation already tangled enough. Thus the bounty of Nature and the intelligence of man were frustrated by the short-sighted passions of peoples and rulers still dominated by the war-mind. As we gaze round the world in 1935, we realize more clearly than ever how wise was Mr. Keynes in warning the victors not to execute a war-dance on the prostrate bodies of their foes.

Political resentment and economic distress were powerful factors in the psychological ferment which followed the War. Four years of a life-and-death struggle would in any case have bequeathed an abnormal mentality. War, to quote President Wilson, means force without stint, force without limit. Individual rights and claims are cast into the fiery cauldron; minorities are dashed aside; compromise is branded as a crime; the heroic virtues are

exalted; the Sermon on the Mount is laid on the shelf. It is asking too much of human nature to demand an automatic psychological readjustment on the return of peace. The cult of violence does not suddenly lapse; the brutalization of mind and soul cannot be banished by a stroke of the pen; the disappearance of familiar landmarks leaves a vacuum not easily filled; the craving for quick results breeds impatience with the leisurely processes of peace. The cry for action, not deliberation, persists: leaders who know their own minds without asking their fellow citizens what they shall do are in demand. Disappointments are less patiently borne, seductive alternatives more readily sought. Institutions and parties are judged exclusively by their momentary results. Lacking anchorage in the stabilized order of the pre-War world, knowing nothing of life but the horrors of the War and the confusion that it bred, the younger generation was ripe for daring experiments. Democracy became widely identified with the sufferings that it failed to prevent, with instability and irresolution, with inefficiency and delay. And where it had no roots in the national history it withered away.

## II

In such an atmosphere of confusion and impatience it was inevitable that millions of distracted people should cry aloud for a Man; and in some cases he stood ready for the call. When at the end of the War an independent and reunited Poland arose from the grave Marshal Pilsudski towered above his fellow-countrymen; and, though he is neither President nor Prime Minister, he remains the unchallengeable master of the State. Dissatisfied with the functioning of the Constitution in 1926, he marched on Warsaw, overthrew the Government by fierce fighting in the streets, and became a Dictator in all but name. Unlike other members of the tribe, he prefers to work behind the scenes and to leave routine to his nominees; but everyone at home and abroad is aware that no important decision is taken without permission of the hermit at the Belvedere. Since 1926 Poland may be described as a veiled Dictatorship, for a sifted Parliament is permitted to meet and the Press is not entirely in chains. This curious combination of autocratic rule with a constitutional façade is unlikely to survive its creator, for there is no other superman to step into the old warrior's shoes.

Turkey, like Poland, has entered on a new life under the guidance of a soldier who won his laurels in the War. The colours in Mr. Armstrong's *Grey Wolf* are doubtless laid on too thick, but nobody denies to Mustafa Kemal the title of a great man. The Young Turks gambled on a victory of the Central Powers, and their failure left the stage clear for a new chief. Abandoning Constantinople to its fate, the undaunted hero of the Dardanelles raised the flag of Turkish nationalism at rocky Angora, far beyond the range of the naval guns of the Allies. Attacked by the Greeks, who madly advanced beyond the Smyrna zone, he hurled them back out of Asia Minor, and tore up the Treaty of Sèvres. Wisely recognizing that the Turkish Empire had perished, he determined to erect a homogeneous, modernized, secularized republic in the home of his race. The dynasty and the Caliphate are gone, polygamy is abolished, the Swiss code has replaced the sacred law of Islam. The fez, the veil, and the Turkish alphabet are swept away by the new broom. Not even Hitler himself has made such a radical breach with the daily life and the historic traditions of a nation.

The Spanish Dictator, General Primo da Rivera, was made of very different stuff.



Remaining neutral in the War, Spain had made money instead of spending it, and there was little to suggest that she was shaken by the storm. But democracy had had no time to strike deep roots, and the evil tradition of *Pronunciamentos* constituted a perpetual temptation. Every Spanish General, as the saying goes, believes that he is born to save his country. At the end of the struggle, though the Spaniards had suffered less than almost any one else, there were accumulating signs of discontent. The campaigns in Morocco, which brought neither victory nor glory, were deeply resented by the conscripts and their families; the politicians had lost credit; the administration, national and local, was inefficient and occasionally corrupt. Matters came to a head in 1923 with a crushing defeat in Morocco, for which King Alfonso's secret orders to the Commander were in some quarters held responsible. Before there was time to probe the responsibilities Parliamentary Government was supplanted by personal rule.

For six years Primo and the King had a free hand. The constitution was ignored, Parliament ceased to meet, the Press was muzzled, critics were imprisoned or banished. The Dictator, however, was not without merits,

both positive and negative. In co-operation with French troops he restored peace in Morocco; certain administrative abuses were abolished; some superfluous officials were weeded out. Above all, he ruled without the shedding of blood. He enjoyed considerable popularity in the countryside, but he never won the support of the Intelligentsia or the towns. When he lost the confidence of the army chiefs the King threw him over, and he fled to Paris without striking a blow. His brother Dictators doubtless remarked that a man who refused to disarm his foes and to fight for his place was not fit to be a Dictator at all. The lesson of his career is that it is no good snatching at power unless you are something of a superman. Nobody believed that of Primo, and he never believed it of himself. Moreover, you cannot establish and maintain personal rule without an element of terror. You cannot ignore the maxims set forth by Macchiavelli in *The Prince*. To make omelettes you must break eggs. The Spanish Dictatorship was an utter failure, for it dragged down the Monarchy in its fall and left confusion in its train.

Since the dissolution of the Austrian Empire there have been five Great Powers in Europe, and to-day three of them are under a system of

personal rule. The little Powers are almost equally divided. The Scandinavian States, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland retain the constitutional liberties they have won in the manful struggles of the past; but from the Rhine to the Urals political and intellectual liberty survives only in Czecho-Slovakia and one or two other islands of the blest. Constitutional government in Austria had been destroyed by Dollfuss before he was murdered by the Nazis, and it is unlikely to be restored by the Schuschnigg Ministry, which would be contemptuously swept off the stage by an unfettered vote. Hungary is neither wholly bond nor wholly free. A Parliament sits at Budapest, but there is no ballot in the country districts, where the bulk of the population dwells and where intimidation is easy to apply. Moreover, the Government remains in the grip of the territorial nobility, where it rested before the War. In Bulgaria a military *coup* installed in office last summer a Government whose first task was to scrap constitutional forms, and its successor has brought a change of men but not of methods. In Jugoslavia the well-meaning King Alexander practised a system of ruthless autocracy which brought him to his untimely end. In Albania an ambitious noble has seized

power and proclaimed himself King. In Roumania the Fascist Iron Guard appears to be gaining ground. Alone of the Balkan states Greece keeps the flag of ordered liberty flying at the top of the mast. Among the little Baltic peoples the prolonged economic crisis has created discontents which have threatened or overthrown Parliamentary Government.

### III

We must now turn to the three Great Powers where Dictatorship is at work, beginning with that in which the revolution was the earliest, the bloodiest, and the most complete. If any twentieth-century régime deserved to perish, it was the Empire of the Tsars. Dynastic autocracy is at best a gamble on heredity, at worst a catastrophe. The Romanoffs produced few able men, and the last of them was tragically unfit to rule. Inefficiency, favouritism, corruption, cruelty, obscurantism, blighted the life of the largest community in Europe. Witte was not alone in warning his master that Russia was too weak for a struggle with the Central Powers, which, he foretold, would result in a revolution and the collapse of the dynasty. The warning was in vain, and the

Muscovite Colossus, with its feet of clay, tottered forward to its doom. The Moderates who took the reins when they fell from the nerveless grasp of the Tsar might perhaps have retained their hold had they at once made peace, for soldiers and peasants alike were sick of the War. The attempt to continue the hopeless struggle left Kerensky without support, and he was swept aside by men prepared to pay the price of power.

Dictatorship in Russia grew directly out of military defeat and an unsatisfied craving for peace. That it not only overthrew the Kerensky Government, but also repulsed counter-revolutionary adventurers and established its supremacy beyond challenge, was due above all to the genius of two men. Trotsky has told the story of the revolution in a book which has been read all over the world; but it was Lenin, with his calculating brain, who was the organizer of victory. Three names, we may guess, will stand out in history among the men who emerged in the World War—Wilson, who founded a League of Nations; Masaryk, who created a State; and Lenin, who inaugurated a new social order. Their work will endure, and Lenin was not the least of the three. When the Marxist Dictator died in 1923 his task was

achieved. How firm were the foundations that he had laid was proved by the ease with which Stalin succeeded to his heritage.

The Russian autocracy resembles its opposite numbers in Germany and Italy in the technique of revolutionary rule. A single man is in effective control of the machine; the party of which he is the head imposes its will in every department of national life. The people are not asked what they desire, but receive what the superman thinks fit to provide. The Press is transformed into a gramophone, eternally grinding out the Government tune. Crushing penalties fall on actual or potential foes. The individual citizen, with his traditional rights, his wishes, his personality, disappears. The State alone counts, working at high pressure with the remorseless drive of a machine. To these familiar features of personal rule the Russian Dictatorship adds the determination to create a classless society. Religious practice and religious belief are repudiated as a relic of the past, and history is explained as the operation of economic laws. At an early stage of the Russian revolution Mr. Keynes explained Bolshevism as a new religion. It may equally well be described in Burke's famous phrase about the French Jacobins as an armed doctrine.

It has had its prophets, its martyrs, its missionaries. It is inspired by a burning faith. The unceasing flow of visitors to the embalmed corpse of Lenin in the Red Square at Moscow is the modern equivalent of the Canterbury pilgrims and the medieval shrine. Lenin seems destined to rank with Marx and Rousseau among the formative influences of the modern world. The magnitude of his achievement, whatever we may think of its ethical quality, is beyond dispute.

Italy, though on the winning side in the War, was radically dissatisfied with her share of the spoils. Political discontents rendered the sufferings of a poor and exhausted country more difficult to bear. There was no commanding figure of the type of Clemenceau or Lloyd George to rally the nation for the thorny tasks of reconstruction. The King was respected for his courage and the simplicity of his life; but he had never transcended his rôle of constitutional monarch, and he made no attempt to turn his enhanced prestige to account. Demobilized soldiers found it difficult to recover their footing in civil life, and the Communist leaven spread among the cities of the north. The climax was reached in 1920 with the occupation of the factories. Giolitti, who was

then at the helm, wisely abstained from the use of force and allowed the storm to blow itself out. The workmen, unable to run the complicated industrial machine which they had seized, realized that they were on the wrong track and withdrew. That the danger of social dissolution, in so far as it ever existed, was over two years before the march on Rome is the theme of Professor Salvemini's documented volume, *The Fascist Dictatorship*. On the other hand, there was a good deal of sporadic rowdyism and ominous unrest. The middle and the lower-middle class were scared by the spectre of Communism, and there was a widespread conviction that the country had got out of hand. After Giolitti's resignation there was no firm grip at the helm; for among the older performers on the Parliamentary stage nobody possessed sufficient ability and self-confidence to give a powerful lead.

In these circumstances Mussolini marched unopposed on Rome in 1922, with his Black-shirt forces at his heels. When the Prime Minister's request for the proclamation of martial law was declined by the King he promptly resigned, and the Fascist chief was summoned to the palace. Unlike Lenin and Hitler, he did not at once exercise dictatorial



powers. For a time he collaborated with other parties, and a measure of liberty remained to the Press. He reeled under the shock of the Matteotti murder, and some people believe that at that moment he could have been easily displaced by the King. Victor Emmanuel preferred to continue the self-effacing rôle which he doubtless considers the best chance of saving the dynasty. Neither opposing nor flattering the Dictator, he stands aloof, waiting patiently on the development of events.

When the Matteotti crisis had blown over Mussolini completed the creation of the totalitarian State. All parties except his own were dissolved; Fascist deputies alone were declared eligible for Parliament; local self-government was abolished; the Press became the obedient mouthpiece of the executive; opposition by tongue or pen was punished by physical assault, prison, or banishment to the islands; the country swarmed with informers and spies; children of tender age were enrolled in the dominant party and schooled in the militaristic doctrines of its chief. The ex-Socialist, who had edited the *Avanti* and fought as a private in the War, had become the undisputed master of Italy.

Dictatorship, as the Dictators admit, must justify itself in the eyes of history by massive

achievements. Relieved of the shackles of coalition majorities, Cabinet compromises, and Parliamentary debate, the Duce strides rapidly ahead. A born ruler, he combines superhuman energy with limitless self-confidence, a powerful brain, and an iron will. That the national pulse beats more strongly, that there has been a general speeding up in the *tempo* of life, that there is less shirking and inefficiency, is undeniable. The trains are more punctual, the beggars have disappeared. Some of his admirers assure us that his masterpiece is the creation of the Corporative State, a system in which the employer's unfettered control of his business and the worker's power to strike are subordinated to the will of the Government. How far industry has benefited, how far the handling of currency and finance has been a success, is a disputed question; for Italy remains poor, deficits recur, and unemployment is rife. Others consider the reconciliation with the Vatican his greatest stroke; and one need not be a Fascist to welcome the elimination of a discord in the life of united Italy. The development of public works, such as the draining of the Campagna, is mainly a matter of money, and Mussolini, who spends freely, has naturally a good deal to show.

Most important of all is the enhancement of Italy's international position. The disappearance of the Austrian Empire left five great European Powers instead of six; Russia's temporary withdrawal from the diplomatic game left four; the drastic limitation of Germany's armaments and other consequences of defeat condemned her for a time to a subordinate rôle. When England, France, and Italy alone counted on the stage it was inevitable that the latter should play a greater part than when she was one of six. Mussolini has taken full advantage of the shift in the balance of power. Whatever may be thought of his diplomacy as a whole, equality of status has been claimed and secured. Moreover, the mere fact of his prolonged rule and his unchallenged capacity to speak for his country emphasizes his prominence on the international stage. In a word, he is not only the Dictator, but also the superman who alone can effectively play the dictatorial part over a long series of years. What his fellow countrymen think of it all we cannot tell, for they are not allowed to say.

Latest in date, and most significant of all in its manifold reactions, is the German revolution of 1933. As Bismarck found his model in Cavour, so Hitler studied and copied the Fascist

chief. The soil had been prepared for his coming. The terrible severity of the Treaty of Versailles, the encouragement by the French of separatism in the Rhineland, the black troops in the occupied zone, the crushing burden of reparations, the invasion of the Ruhr—here was a sequence of shocks and humiliations difficult for a proud nation to endure. When Briand took the reins in France and Germany entered the League it was too late to eradicate the bitter memories.

Political exasperation was reinforced by economic distress. At the end of the War the mark was worth sixpence. Continuing to fall rapidly, it received its death-blow from the occupation of the Ruhr. In that terrible summer and autumn of 1923 the savings and investments of a thrifty people were swept away. Owners of land and houses survived the wreck, and the wages of the urban worker were perpetually readjusted to the headlong flight of the mark; but the middle and lower-middle classes were largely ruined. With the collapse of their economic position went the loss of their psychological equilibrium. A wonderful recovery took place after the inauguration of a new currency, and lasted till the American blizzard burst over Europe in 1930. But then

the figures of unemployment doubled, banks toppled over, old-established businesses collapsed. The bourgeoisie suffered even more than the working-class; for them there was neither insurance nor dole. Thus to be hurled back into the slough of despond whence they thought to have escaped was almost more than flesh and blood could stand.

Defeated, suffering, humiliated, their familiar landmarks gone, the German middle and lower-middle classes were like sheep without a shepherd. The Weimar constitution had been accepted because the old régime had ingloriously collapsed and no other alternative was in sight. But there was no tradition of self-government behind it, and it was condemned to function in a sea of difficulties within and without. It came to be identified with a policy of surrender abroad and economic distress at home. Despite the devoted services of first-rate men like Rathenau, Stresemann, and Brüning, the democratic Republic never took root in the heart of the nation. It failed to capture the imagination of romantic youth. Perpetual compromises, coalitions, and dissolutions robbed the Reichstag of the prestige with which it began. The supporters of democratic institutions were deeply divided

among themselves. Though Socialists, Liberals, and Catholics sat together in Cabinets, the old gulf between the bourgeoisie and the manual worker was never bridged. And all the time the Communists, the offspring of suffering and despair, grew steadily in numbers, weakening the Socialists by their incessant attacks and frightening the bourgeoisie out of their wits.

It only required a skilful agitator to fan the smouldering discontents into a devouring flame. For years there had been a call for a Man, and at last he appeared. Beginning in the beer-houses of Munich, Hitler denounced both the theory and practice of the Weimar régime. Germany, he shouted, had not been defeated by her enemies : she had been stabbed in the back by traitors at home, by the Jews and Marxists who had misruled her, corrupted her, degraded her, ever since. The old political factions must be swept away. A new party, combining a spirited foreign policy with an advanced social programme, should take their place. Not a colourless Reichstag, not transient Cabinets and shadowy Chancellors, but a Leader grasping the helm firmly in his hands, standing up to Germany's foes abroad and cleansing the Augean stables at home. Those unmeasured denunciations of their rulers, combined with

roseate visions of the future, swept millions of emotional Germans off their feet. Socialists, Communists, and the Catholic Centre stood firm; but the Liberal parties wilted away. Hitler is a spell-binder, a master of propoganda, the greatest mob-orator in the world, a sincere fanatic possessed by a few leading ideas. A mere windbag, a clever adventurer, could never have captured the citadel of power. Caring nothing for birth, titles, wealth, or the material pleasures of life, preaching the gospel of discipline and sacrifice, national unity and national strength, this extraordinary personage, half prophet half demagogue, made an irresistible appeal to the little man, and above all to the young. Class barriers and class prejudices, they believed, were to disappear; the reign of the Jews and Marxists was to end; a man of the people who had worked with his hands and fought as a private in the War was to lead them out of the wilderness into the Promised Land.

Had the improved economic situation of the later twenties continued, Hitler would not be ruling Germany to-day. It was the American blizzard that filled his sails and floated him over the bar. When 107 Nazis were returned to the Reichstag in September, 1930, close observers began to realize that he might win. Having

failed in the Munich *Putsch* of 1923, he determined not to repeat the mistake of striking too soon. If he could secure power by constitutional means, he could then kick away the ladder of legality up which he had climbed. His victory, like the triumph of Lenin and Mussolini, was due as much to the weakness of his opponents as to his own strength. Hindenburg had no wish to make him Chancellor. But by dismissing Brüning, who could count on a majority in the Reichstag, by appointing a reactionary Government under the unpopular Papen, the old President opened the gates of the fortress to the Nazi chief. His plan of a coalition between the Nazis and the Conservatives broke down in the election of March, 1933, in which the former received 44 per cent. of the votes and the latter 8. Hugenberg, the Conservative leader, soon disappeared, and Papen followed him a year later. On the death of Hindenburg Hitler added the Presidential office to the Chancellorship. Since August, 1934, he has been head of the State, Prime Minister, and Commander-in-Chief. No German has ever before concentrated such power in a single pair of hands.

For two years Hitler has ruled Germany with the aid of a few intimate friends. He has



realized his vision of a totalitarian State. All parties but his own have been outlawed or dissolved; the Weimar Constitution has been torn to shreds; a tame Reichstag meets at long intervals to accept accomplished facts without debate; the States have been merged in the Reich; the Trade Unions have been abolished; the Press has been enslaved; Jews have been hunted out of the professions and public life on the ground that their blood is unclean; education has been degraded into an instrument of propaganda; the law-courts do the ruler's will. Communist leaders have been kept in prison without trial; suspects and grumblers have been tortured in the Brown Houses and swept into concentration camps; creative literature and art are paralysed. It has been a veritable orgy of destruction. The Nazis claim that, compared with many other revolutions, it has involved little shedding of blood. In so far as the claim can be substantiated it is owing, not to the squeamishness of the revolutionaries, but to the weakness of the defence. The Austrian Socialists may have been right or wrong to resist brutal and unprovoked attack; but at any rate they went down with their flag flying. In Germany the time to resist, argues Prince Löwenstein, was in the

summer of 1932, when Papen evicted the Prussian Government by a show of force. Too timid, too divided, or too humane to shed blood, the Weimar statesmen lost their opportunity and were submerged by the tidal wave.

In the political field the Nazi programme has been carried out to the letter. In the economic sphere the change has been relatively slight. *Laissez-faire* has never flourished in Germany, whose economic oracle has been Friedrich List, not Adam Smith. There is scarcely more governmental control under Hitler than under Brüning, who met the impact of the American blizzard by Presidential decrees, for which, as the Constitution required, the assent of the Reichstag was subsequently obtained. With Dr. Schacht, an experienced banker, in command, private property is as safe as before. The change has been rather in emphasis than in principle. Unemployment has been reduced by large-scale public works and by compulsory increase of short time. An attempt has been made to strengthen the peasantry by safeguarding the family holding. Strikes are forbidden, on the model of Mussolini's Corporative State. Economic self-sufficiency is fostered by high agricultural tariffs. For Hitler prefers the farm to the factory, and the thought of

another blockade is never out of his mind. The condition of the people fluctuates with the harvests and with the fortunes of the wider world. The general level is low—certainly little if at all higher than when he seized the helm.

The most original feature of Hitler's régime is its racial ideology. Intoxicated in his youth by the fantastic nonsense of Gobineau and Houston Stewart Chamberlain, he visualizes history and politics as above all a problem of race. For him the Aryans are the noblest stock in the world, the supreme builders of civilization, as the Jews are the arch-destroyers. The blood-stream must therefore be kept pure from taint, in the interest not only of the Aryan peoples, but of humanity as a whole. The difference of blood expresses itself in the difference of mentality. The Aryan develops the virtues that make for national strength, discipline, obedience, solidarity, patriotism, courage, physical strength. The Jew, on the other hand, is critical, individualistic, cynical, cunning, working for himself alone instead of for the community. So deadly is the virus that a Jewish grandparent disqualifies for public office. Anti-semitism is no novelty in Germany; but only with the coming of Hitler

has it been exalted into a maxim of state. The training of the people in racial doctrine is entrusted to Rosenberg, the high priest of the Nordic cult, whose spiritual home is Walhalla. For him, as for Nietzsche, Christianity, with its gospel of pity, sacrifice, and love, is a slave-morality. His ideal is a Germany weaned from the enervating pieties and united in mystical reverence for the race-state. The Nazi philosophy is a challenge not to democracy alone, but to the Christian Churches and Christian ethics as well.

Surveying the Russian, Italian, and German Dictatorships in broad perspective, we note both similarities and divergences. All three stand for the totalitarian State, the monopoly of a single party, the ruthless imposition of a single will. In Russia the seizure of political power was merely the prelude to an economic revolution, aiming at the abolition of private property as a means to the creation of a classless State. In Italy and Germany, on the other hand, the political revolution is far more radical than the economic shift. The rulers of Russia and Germany, again, are alike in seeking to indoctrinate their citizens with a new creed—in the former with the philosophy of Marx, in the latter with the doctrine of race.

In Italy there has been no challenge in the sphere of religious belief. Of the three systems Fascism involves the minimum of disturbance, while Bolshevism cuts deepest into the flesh. All of them are revolutionary régimes. How long will they endure? The Bolsheviks have probably come to stay, for Russia is accustomed to autocracy and Stalin can be easily replaced. It is difficult, however, to believe that the Nazi and Fascist régimes will long survive their founders. When Mussolini and Hitler are gone there are no leaders to take their place. Their unique personalities suggest a time-limit for their experiments. Before Cromwell's body was cold the Restoration was in sight.

#### IV

We may now attempt an answer to the question raised at the outset of this address. Are the European Dictators merely the children of the War? Will the system outlast the supermen who to-day bestride the world? Has such a transformation occurred in the realm of ideas that democracy cannot hope to recover the ground it has lost and is not unlikely to lose a good deal more? Does personal rule, even without a recognizable superman, correspond

more closely to the ideals and demands of the younger generation? To such challenging questions only tentative answers can be returned.

The War has certainly not made the world safe for democracy, as Woodrow Wilson dreamed. Powerful forces are ranged on both sides of the dividing line. I anticipate neither a wide extension of dictatorship nor a complete reconquest of lost territory. The battle will probably sway to and fro. I am sanguine enough to believe that on balance the geographical area of liberty is more likely to expand than to contract. Since countries anchored to a long tradition of self-government have stood firm at the height of the storm, there seems no reason to fear that their hearts are now likely to fail. Others may return to the Liberal fold with a bitter taste in their mouths. It is in communities whose political memories are exclusively authoritarian, such as Russia and Turkey, that Dictatorship springs naturally from the soil. In others, such as Italy and Germany, where the adventure of political freedom had been brief, personal rule seemed to many a restoration rather than a reaction. Democracy requires experience and self-confidence. Victor Hugo declared that

republics were crowns for white hairs, and it is true enough that self-government is the symbol and the prize of political maturity. The story of civilization is largely the record of the substitution of reasoning and persuasion for physical force.

The Dictatorships of to-day were thrown up by the swirl of events, but they have developed an authoritarian philosophy to buttress their thrones. Bolshevist, Fascist, and Nazi agree in repudiating nineteenth-century Liberalism as a creed outworn. For the Bolshevists it was a bourgeois invention, suited to the reign of the comfortable middle class, oblivious of the interests of the manual worker, whose need was not political liberty but social justice. "Liberalism only flourished for half a century," echoes Mussolini. "It was born in 1830 in reaction against the Holy Alliance. It is the logical, and indeed historical, forerunner of anarchy. To-day the Liberal faith must shut the doors of its deserted temples, for the peoples of the world realize that its worship—agnostic in the field of economics and indifferent in the field of politics and morals—will lead, as it has already led, to certain ruin. Whoever says Liberalism implies individualism, and whoever says Fascism implies the State."

In Germany the attack on democracy began before Hitler appeared on the scene. In Möller van den Brück's remarkable work, *The Third Realm*, published in 1922, Liberalism was denounced as the very gospel of anarchy, every man thinking exclusively of his own interests and caring nothing for society or the State. Such a creed of unredeemed selfishness, he contends, was not only unsuited to the problems of post-War Europe, but incurably wrong in itself. Spengler, the prophet of the doom of Western civilization, denounced the intellectualism and humanitarianism of the nineteenth century, adding that we were more likely to see another Cæsar than another Goethe. Hitler's autobiography pours scorn on the Intelligentsia, on the weakness, the timidities, the compromises involved in the practice of asking people what they want.

In these converging attacks we find common elements in the emphasis on the authority of the State, in the contemptuous rejection of the rationalism, the optimism, the individualism of the nineteenth century. Hitler and Mussolini agree with Carlyle that chief among the rights of the common man is the right to be ruled by somebody wiser than himself. The more talk, the less action. The supreme



task of the State is to act, to act quickly, to act firmly. The State is absolute, the citizen relative. Its right and its duty is to survive, and to survive it must be strong. Parliamentary discussions, consultations of the people, consideration for minorities, are like brakes on the wheel. The State is not the lackey of the people, but the trustee of its interests. To discharge its functions it needs a free hand, and it is free to act only when a single mind decides. "We Nazis," writes General Göring in his book *Germany Reborn*, "believe that in political affairs Adolf Hitler is infallible, just as the Roman Catholic believes that in religious matters the Pope is infallible."

The Dictators and their henchmen can make out a plausible case against the theory and practice of self-government by misstating its principles and exaggerating its failures. The argument that democratic countries are paralysed by the diffusion of power is historically incorrect. The democracies beat the autocracies in the World War. Liberalism, it was proved once again, is not a gospel of anarchy, but the willing co-operation of citizens in the common task. That it demands a high standard of education and public spirit is

incontestable. Where the standard is low, as in South America, it cannot possibly succeed. The moral is not that democracy is useless and should be scrapped, but that the level of citizenship must gradually be raised.

Dictatorship exposes an even larger surface to the critic than democracy. First catch your hare, says the old cookery recipe. Men towering above their fellows in wisdom, foresight, and capacity to rule are difficult to find; but they are more likely to appear in a free country, where ability has the best chance of coming to the top. The superman who seizes power possesses as a rule more will than wisdom, more ambition than self-control. Secondly, the Dictators may deteriorate. "All power corrupts," wrote Lord Acton, "and absolute power corrupts absolutely." The theory of the infallible autocrat demands the elaboration of a propagandist technique. In Mr. Spender's words, the new method is that of the village fair, and the band plays its loudest when the public has its teeth drawn. The unceasing chorus of adulation dulls the superman's faculty of self-criticism; the plenitude of power undermines the instinct of self-control. Thirdly, the Dictator is mortal. He

may be killed at any moment, and some day he must die. He is a tree without roots. There is always a touch of uncertainty in the air. No Dictatorship can be pronounced even a relative success before we can analyse the situation that it leaves behind. The Spanish experiment began and ended in a revolution, and the discredited Dictator bequeathed a heap of ruins. The system which boasts of its stability and continuity hangs on a slender thread. The Roman Empire was for the most part a Dictatorship without supermen, and two-thirds of its rulers met a violent death.

I have mentioned the obvious risks of dictatorial rule—the difficulty of finding the right man, the danger of demoralization bred of absolute power, the uncertainty of the succession. But the objections of principle go much deeper. The first and gravest is that it overthrows the *Rechtstaat*, the State based on legality, what we call in England the rule of law. The bulwark against the whims of an irresponsible ruler erected during centuries of struggle is removed. "His will is my law," says General Göring in speaking of his chief. It is a return to the primitive, before the conception of impersonal law was born. Those who share the views, and therefore enjoy the

favour of the Leader, possess all the privileges that omnipotence can supply. Those who do not are exposed naked to the blast. It is as useless to seek redress from the Courts as in the old Turkish Empire, where the testimony of a Moslem was preferred to that of a Christian. Dictators usually claim to have united the country over which they rule. In reality they introduce a fresh and deadly cause of division—the differential treatment of first-class and second-class citizens.

Next to the attack on law comes the repudiation of liberty. If law is the foundation of society, liberty is its crown. The main difference between human beings and animals is that among the former each individual is unique, while in the latter the type is supreme. Citizens may be envisaged quantitatively or qualitatively, in mass or in detail, in terms of material strength or of spiritual growth. The emancipation of conscience from authority, to quote Acton again, is the main content of modern history. If that is a little over-stated, we may say at any rate that the emergence of the individual, the growing recognition of the right to be oneself, is among the main achievements of the modern world. It is this affirmation of personality which has led to universal

franchise, to religious equality, to the liberty of the Press, to the freedom of teaching, speculation and research.

Western civilization in its higher aspects rests on belief in the worth of the individual citizen. Human life counts for more in Europe than in Asia, more in Western than in Eastern Europe, more in self-governing communities than in those under dictatorial rule. And the sacredness attached to life itself is only part of the difference. Life, to be worth living, must be a continuous process of self-realization, a fulfilment of the law of one's being, an unfolding of our aptitudes. This urge of the spirit is frowned on by the totalitarian State, which aims at mass production of the authorized type, as if men and women were robots or cheap Ford cars. It grips you body and soul, dwarfs your personality, stunts your growth. Its ideal is one party, one pattern, one rhythm, one creed. It is the difference between a flower-garden and a field of turnips, between a full orchestra and a brass band. The best test of the standard of civilization, to quote Acton again, is the provision that is made for minorities. It is the experience of our Western world that such consideration is good not only for the minorities, but for the majorities as well.

For it adds immeasurably to the richness and creativeness of the community life.

A third disadvantage of Dictatorship is its cult of violence. Force is a necessity in an imperfect world as the guardian of right, but right must be embodied in law. The Leader is not only a law to himself: he covers with his authority the misdeeds of numberless petty tyrants in their coloured shirts. After the massacres of June 30, 1934, when scores of people were shot without trial, Hitler blandly declared that for twenty-four hours he had been the Supreme Court of the German nation. The totalitarian State stands for force naked and unashamed. For only by violence or the threat of violence can the infinite variety of human types be dragooned into the mechanical unity which the Dictator demands. He knows that adult citizens do not change their convictions at the word of command, and he therefore concentrates on the capture of the child. It is too early to judge how far a single pattern of mind and character can be produced in Russia, Italy, and Germany by the resources of the totalitarian State. If history is any guide, it will largely fail; for when the pendulum is drawn far to one side it usually swings at the first opportunity to the other extreme.

The cult of violence involves dangers without as well as within. There is no necessary connection between dictatorship and war, any more than there is between democracy and peace. Bolshevik Russia is profoundly pacific, and bellicose democracies are not unknown. Yet Kant was surely right when he argued in his treatise on *Perpetual Peace* that the best hope was in a loose federation of self-governing communities. Under irresponsible rulers of eighteenth-century Europe it was no more trouble, as he bitterly remarked, for the Prince to declare war than to give orders for a hunt. It was far less probable that the people would plunge frivolously into a conflict in which they would themselves be the first to suffer.

If our latter-day autocrats do not drown Europe in blood it is not because they have embraced the exalting vision of an interdependent and co-operative world. They agree with Moltke that perpetual peace is a dream, and not even a beautiful dream. "Fascism," writes Mussolini in his authoritative exposition, "believes neither in the possibility nor the utility of perpetual peace. War alone brings up to its highest tension all human energy, and puts the stamp of nobility upon the peoples who have the courage to meet it." "I abso-

lutely disbelieve in perpetual peace," he added in a speech, "which is detrimental to the fundamental virtues of man. War is to man what maternity is to woman." Hitler's autobiography preaches the same gospel of combat and force. He summons his countrymen to a march to the open spaces of Eastern Europe, where, in his own words, the German peasant can breed children. "In the brain of the smallest child," he adds, "should be implanted this ardent appeal, Almighty God, bless our arms!" His reiterated declarations of peaceful aims since he became Chancellor would be more impressive had he promptly eliminated and repudiated the bellicose passages in his book.

The recrudescence of Dictatorship in post-War Europe, it is generally recognized, threatens the whole fabric and quality of our civilization. I will call three witnesses. "The disappearance of the sturdy, independent-minded, freedom-loving individual, and his replacement by a servile, standardized mass-mentality," declares General Smuts in his recent Rectorial Address at St. Andrews, "is the greatest human menace of our time. Intolerance threatens once more to become the order of the day. The new Dictatorship is nothing but the old



Tyranny writ large. I fear the new Tyranny more than I fear the danger of another Great War. The vision of freedom, of the liberation of the human spirit from its primeval bondage, is perhaps the greatest light which has dawned on our horizon. Man's progress through the ages is from a régime of domination to one of understanding, consent, and free co-operation. That great movement of liberation is the glory of our past. It is also our inseparable programme for the future." "Let us hope that an historian delivering judgment in some future period," writes Einstein, "will be able to say that in our days the liberty and honour of this Continent were saved by its Western nations, which stood fast in hard times against the temptations of hatred and oppression; and that Western Europe successfully defended the liberty of the individual which has brought us every advance of knowledge and invention—Liberty without which life to a self-respecting man is not worth living." And now for Mr. Baldwin. "There are things which we in England, though we have been called a nation of shopkeepers, esteem far more than money, and those are freedom of speech and freedom of conscience. Without these things life to an Englishman is not worth living. If we once lose our demo-

cratic liberties for which our forefathers fought and suffered, we lose our character and we lose our souls."

How is this deadly peril to the future of civilization to be averted or overcome? In the first place, we have to eliminate war—the most futile and ferocious of human follies, as John Hay used to call it, the patron of every form of violence, the fruitful mother of hate. Only in a stabilized and organized world, conscious of its common interests and its joint responsibilities, can free institutions take root or survive. Secondly, the Liberal nations must cling tightly to their liberties, not only for their own nourishment, but as a reservoir of spiritual values on which in happier times communities now wholly or partially enslaved may be able to draw. Thirdly, we must fearlessly adapt democratic institutions to the changing needs of the time. Far more is expected from Governments to-day than a generation or a century ago, and the wheels are expected to revolve at a much quicker pace.

Everywhere there is a clamour for a stronger executive. If sufficient power is not to be found within constitutional limits in young and inexperienced communities, the constitution will be cast aside. The urgent demand

for the speeding up of the machinery must be met. In critical times the need for courageous leadership is greater than ever, not only for our material needs, but for psychological reasons as well. Democracy is safest when the man in the street feels that his interests are in reasonably good hands. "We can only conquer Bolshevism," writes Professor Gilbert Murray in his *Cult of Violence*, "by making the mass of men happier than the Bolsheviks can make them. We can only conquer despotism by showing that free men live a nobler life than slaves." That dynamic leadership can be combined with constitutional methods and a free Press is proved by the unexampled popularity of President Roosevelt. Freedom cannot be saved by the limited number of people in any country who realize its ethical significance. A more potent guarantee will be found when a minimum standard of life, with its decencies, its opportunities, and its modest amenities, is available for all. Men do not live by bread alone, but bread is the primary need. If a Liberal régime fails to provide it in sufficient quantities, people will look for alternatives. I am deeply convinced that the cause of liberty is bound up with a better economic ordering of society. "Property alone does not make a

man free," writes Professor Laski in *Liberty and the Modern State*. "But those who know the normal life of the poor, its perpetual fear of the morrow, its haunting sense of impending disaster, its fitful search for a beauty which perpetually eludes, will realize well enough that without security liberty is not worth having. Men may well be free and yet remain unable to realize the purposes of freedom." Economic security, in fact, is a necessary condition for the continuous expression of a man's personality in which liberty ultimately consists. I agree with Walter Lippmann, perhaps the ablest of American publicists, who argues in his new book, *The Method of Freedom*, that a compensated economy is essential to the smooth functioning of the democratic machine. Doubtless the regulative activities and interventions of the State will occasionally be unwise; but that is a lesser peril than the nightmare of a ruthless dictatorship.

An immense responsibility lies with the citizens of the British Empire, for the eyes of the world are upon us. Fascism, cries Mussolini in strident tones, is the doctrine of the twentieth century. We reply that, so far as in us lies, it shall be nothing but a passing phase. Before we make up our minds to scrap

the Liberalism of the West, let us study Croce's recent philosophic survey of the much-maligned nineteenth century, one of the most creative and emancipating eras in the history of mankind. I agree with the author of the Declaration of Independence that "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." "Parliamentary freedom," writes Count Sforza in his *European Dictatorships*, "is a form of freedom. But the essential freedom, without which a people is doomed to decline, is freedom of thought, of speech, of the Press, of association." That is exactly what Milton told us three centuries ago in the *Areopagitica*. "Give me liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, according to conscience, above all other liberties." As Mill reminded us, the pupils will never advance if the master does all their lessons for them. The Philosophic Despots of the eighteenth century drove forward the caravan with the crack of their whip; but we are no longer in the eighteenth century, when education was the monopoly of the few. The spiritual damage inflicted by the totalitarian State—the stunting of individuality, the dragooning of the mind, the dwarfing of human stature—is only gradually realized, for it is beyond the crude

appraisal of weights and scales. The Fascist and the Nazi proclaim that they have substituted discipline for liberty. It is a specious euphemism for government by force. I prefer a dynamic to a mechanized society, in which we are all commanded under penalty what to think, how to speak, what to write, how to vote. It is a fairly safe prophecy that millions who are to-day content with their bondage will weary of it and cast it off. A flowing stream is healthier than a stagnant pond.

The practical issue before us is whether the free nations of the world, in a fit of impatience, shall throw up the sponge. I see no reason for such a confession of failure, such a gesture of despair. Democracy has assumed many forms, and the tree is still full of the sap of life. Government by Parliament is the prevailing type, but Presidential Government is an arguable alternative. The essential choice is not between the varieties of constitutional rule, but between responsible and irresponsible rulers. Democracy, like the League of Nations, is a venture of faith, requiring steadiness of temper no less than unrelenting endeavour. The larger wisdom is to hold fast to our principles, which were not lightly adopted, and to our liberties, which were not easily won. As

it grew to manhood the British nation learned that neither a monarch, nor a Lord Protector, nor the landed aristocracy, nor the bourgeoisie could be entrusted indefinitely with the reins of power. No individual and no class is wise enough and unselfish enough to decide the destinies of an intelligent people. Our need is solidarity and self-confidence, cool heads and unruffled nerves, careful steering through the troubled waters, not a change of course.

In the evening of his long and laborious life my old friend Lord Bryce gathered his observations and reflections on society and government into two massive volumes, and I will end by associating myself with the final conclusions that he reached. "No Government demands so much from the citizens as democracy, and none gives so much back. Without faith nothing is accomplished, and hope is the main-spring of faith. Throughout the course of history every winter of despondency has been followed by a joyous springtime of hope. Hope, often disappointed but always renewed, is the anchor by which the ship that carries democracy and its fortunes will have to ride out this latest storm, as it has ridden out many storms before. So it may be said that democracy will never perish till after hope has expired."

## APPENDIX

### THE CONWAY MEMORIAL LECTURESHIP

AT a general meeting of the South Place Ethical Society, held on October 22, 1908, it was resolved, after full discussion, that an effort should be made to establish a series of lectures, to be printed and widely circulated, as a permanent Memorial to Dr. Conway.

The range of the lectures (of which the twenty-sixth is published herewith) must be regulated by the financial support accorded to the scheme; but it is hoped that sufficient funds will eventually be forthcoming for the endowment of periodical lectures to further the cause of social, political, and religious freedom, with which Dr. Conway's name must ever be associated.

Pending completion of the endowment fund, it is most desirable that the Lecture Committee should be able to count upon regular financial support. Those who enjoy the liberty



for which Conway so nobly fought should be eager to keep his name alive as a reminder to the future of what was so hardly won. An earnest appeal is therefore made for donations and subscriptions until the Memorial is permanently established. Contributions may be forwarded to the Hon. Treasurer.

ERNEST CARR, *Hon. Secretary.*

(Mrs.) F. M. COCKBURN, *Hon. Treasurer,*  
“Peradeniya,” Northampton Road, Croydon.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY,  
CONWAY HALL, RED LION SQUARE, W.C.I.

*Objects of the Society :—*

“The Objects of the Society are the study and dissemination of ethical principles and the cultivation of a rational religious sentiment.”





